

LINE.

BY JAMES STILLMAN.

Their temples if the heathen boast
 With spoils from vanquished victims torn
 That place where meet the Christian host,
 Far different trophies should adorn ;
 Nor must believers ever dare
 Their hands imbrue in carnal strife,
 For lo ! the words of truth declare,
No murderer hath eternal life.

... did not pass with

broken than the lame ones down there in the town," replied Touzard, laughing, "for those children of nature wonder and fear, but those fellows fear nothing, wonder at nothing, neither God, nor man. They care for nothing but their own rights, their wretched caste-privileges which are the cause of all the mischiefs."

"With these opinions, Colonel," rejoined Vincent, amazed, "it must be very hard for you to fight for the pride of caste."

"Not in the least," said Touzard, coolly, "What have my opinions to do with my duty? I fight because I am a soldier, and I hate nobility, but the Lord have mercy on the black skins. Remember, and order your men to take no prisoners. They give too much trouble."

all things with that yellow hue which announces a stormy night. The tops of the wood burned in the glow, the waterfalls sparkled and darted forth their fire-sheaves, the air was clear and soft, and seemed to breathe down beauty and goodness upon the creatures who were intent only upon bloodshed and murder. Vincent saw the sentinels on their rounds, and their arms glanced and flashed upon him. A deep sadness stole over him. Thoughtfully he ascended the rocks and seated himself upon one of the

"no one would have known that a woman could so degenerate as to come in pursuit of death," he gratified herself with the sight of it. Look at her old man there, my attendant," he said, "he has followed me all day long how he strains his eyes, to discover any lurking foe, and how his grizzled hair stands up at the sight of the mangled dead." I fear (nothing—I know that it must be so, and I avail it if a man more or less suffers death by the good die as well as the bad; but I shall have to thank God for the human hearts and heads, the divinity for whom they die, the sacred sentimentality that lived in them, that your executioners cannot destroy."

"This is a great comfort," said Vincent, touched by the eloquence of her manner and her words, "but her worst is yet to come."

"Hear you, you ugly old witch, we don't want to hear about your Massa Paradoxo, or Paradoxo, or Caradon, or I know not what, but about the black beast that murdered him. Who was it, how do you call him, the hell-hound?"

The old woman stared for a while at the speaker and then suddenly fell upon her knees and crawled to the feet of the officer. "No kill, massa," howled she, "no cut off head, poor Messaline, good massa. Messaline do everything, massa be good, massa

He leaned against the shattered wall, and looked calmly upon the tragedy which fastened every eye. "Save you I cannot," said he, taking the cigar from his mouth, "but out with our black prisoners, and hang them up in a row at the main post. There, where, I take it, the negro will find his due. He shall be rewarded for her intelligence. She shall avenge her master, and do the hangman's office."

They looked round, but the black woman had disappeared. She was nowhere to be seen. The adjutants dared off to execute the command just given, while the soldiers were found to put cords round the necks of the blacks, and soon a row of corpses swung upon the trees, which was hailed by a yell.

sent a condemned convict in van Dieën's Land sentenced for manslaughter in 1814. It seems there were always doubts in DANIEL's case; and recently an *alibi* has been clearly proved in his favour. DANIEL DONOVAN is not stained with human blood: he has not taken human life; no, he is as innocent of the atrocity, as the Home Secretary himself; and being innocent, has a "free pardon." To be guilty, less, is to be forgiven; with, however, certain conditions. Let the reader mark the grim comedy in

The reverses of the Peace Society have been, I think, a sad degree, accepted and put in practice; but, in the end, and will have, increasing influence on the English nation: witness the almost universal denunciation of war; witness the interchange of Peace Addresses across the Atlantic during the late Oregon question. We think in these days to involve a nation in a war would be a far more difficult than in the good old times, when France and England were considered natural enemies; seen upon the earth, like game-cocks, to fight with one another.

was a complete personification of Shakspeare's Puck, a rosy, laughing, untroubled urchin, whom it was almost a pity to help out of his locked-up see into a less happy world—digging into a pure spring to let in upon it a muddy river—and his imitation utterances of the letters were very discordant and unnatural, as would be expected from a deaf and dumb beginner. The entrance of the principal of the school interrupted our acquaintance with him, and we followed into another apartment, to see the

THE CASE OF GEORGE WILSON.

and forly, but worn by study and anxiety. His look flashes conviction of his sincerity into the observer. His voice is sweet and earnest. His style and manner show a degree of culture considerably above the average of the clerical profession.—*Eclectic Review*.

DUMBIEDIKE'S ADVICE.—Plant trees everywhere, we say; let them shade our streets, and grow where ever there is room for them. Especially plant them in the country, where open fields will admit, and be

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